

Jeffersonian Republican.

Richard Nugent, Editor.]

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

[and Publisher]

VOL. I.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1840.

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JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars a quarter, half yearly,—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER BLANKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms.

DELAWARE ACADEMY.

The Trustees of this Institution, have the pleasure of announcing to the public, and particularly to the friends of education, that they have engaged IRA B. NEWMAN, as Superintendent and Principal of their Academy.

The Trustees invite the attention of parents and guardians, who have children to send from home, to this Institution. They are fitting up the building in the first style, and its location from its retired nature is peculiarly favorable for a boarding school. It commands a beautiful view of the Delaware river, near which it is situated, and the surrounding scenery such as the lover of nature will admire—it is easily accessible the Easton and Milford Stages pass it daily, and only 8 miles distant from the latter place, and a more salubrious section of country can nowhere be found. No fears need be entertained that pupils will contract pernicious habits, or be seduced into vicious company—it is removed from all places of resort and those inducements to neglect their studies that are furnished in large towns and villages.

Board can be obtained very low and near the Academy. Mr. Daniel W. Dingman, jr. will take several boarders, his house is very convenient, and students will there be under the immediate care of the Principal, whose reputation, deportment and guardianship over his pupils, afford the best security for their proper conduct, that the Trustees can give or parents and guardians demand.

The course of instruction will be thorough adapted to the age of the pupil and the time he designs to spend in literary pursuits. Young men may qualify themselves for entering upon the study of the learned professions or for an advanced stand at College for mercantile pursuits, for teaching or the business of common life, useful will be preferred to ornamental studies, nevertheless so much of the latter attended to as the advanced stages of the pupil's education will admit. The male and female department will be under the immediate superintendence of the Principal, aided by a competent male or female Assistant. Lessons in music will be given to young ladies on the Piano Forte at the boarding house of the principal, by an experienced and accomplished Instructress.

Summer Session commences May 4th.

EXPENSES.

Board for Young Gentleman or Ladies with the Principal, per week, \$1 50
Pupils from 10 to 15 years of age from \$1 to \$1 25

Tuition for the Classics, Belles-Lettres, French &c., per quarter, 2 00
Extra for music, per quarter, 5 00

N. B. A particular course of study will be marked out for those who wish to qualify themselves for Common School Teachers with reference to that object; application made for teachers to the trustees or principal will meet immediate attention.

Lectures on the various subjects of study will be delivered by able speakers, through the course of year.

By order of the Board,

DANIEL W. DINGMAN, Pres't
Dingman's Ferry, Pike co., Pa., May 2 1840

NOTICE.

The Book of Subscription to the Stock of the Upper Lehigh Navigation Company, will be re-opened at Stoddardsville, on Wednesday, the 15th day of July ensuing, when subscriptions will be received for the balance of stock which remains yet open. At the same time and place the Stockholders will elect a board of Directors.

Charles Trump,

John S. Comfort,

Henry W. Drinker

William P. Clark,

Commissioners.

June 16, 1840.

N. B. Proposals will be received at Stoddardsville, on Thursday the 18th day of July ensuing, for doing the work either wholly or in jobs, required by building a lock and inclined plane with the necessary grading, fixtures and machinery for passing rafts descending the Lehigh over the Falls at Stoddardsville. It is expected that the work will be commenced as soon as practicable and be completed with despatch.

The Grave of the Indian Chief.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

They laid the corpse of the wild and brave
On the sweet fresh earth; of the new made grave,
On the gentle hill, where wild weeds waved,
And flowers and grass were flourishing.

They laid within the peaceful bed,
Close by the Indian chieftain's head,
His bow and arrows; and they said,
That he had found new hunting grounds.

Where bounteous Nature only tills
The willing soil, and o'er whose hills,
And down beside the shady rills,
The hero roams eternally.

And these fair isles to the westward lie,
Beneath a golden sun-set sky,
Where youth and beauty never die
And song and dance move endlessly.

They told of the feats of his dog and gun,
They told of the deeds his arm had done,
They sung of battles lost and won,
And so they paid his eulogy.

And o'er his arms, and o'er his bones,
They raised a simple pile of stones;
Which, hallowed by their tears and moans,
Was all the Indian's monument.

And since the chieftain here has slept,
Full many a winter's winds have swept,
And many an age has softly crept
Over his humble sepulchre.

HYMN

BEFORE SUN-RISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY IN SWITZERLAND, BY COLERIDGE.

Besides the rivers, Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mount Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and within a few paces of the Glaciers or ice-fields, the "Gentiana Major" grows in immense numbers, with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning Star
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Diest thou from forth thy silent sea of Pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark substantial, black
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent mount! I gaz'd upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranc'd in prayer
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing there
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and silent ecstasy! awake,
Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.
Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's ROSY STAR, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks
Forever shattered and the same forever!

Who gave you, your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam!
And who commanded (and the silence came,)—
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest!
Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full Moon! who bade the Sun
Cloath you with rainbows! who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet!—
Gon! let the torrents, like a shout of nations
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, Gon!

Gon! sing ye meadow-streams with glad voice!
Ye Pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, Gon!
Ye livery flowers that skirt th' eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the Eagle's nest!

Ye Eagles, play-mates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the Clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!
Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Of from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering thro' the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upwards from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffus'd with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit thrond among the hills,
Thou dread Ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

Frontier Sketches.

(CONCLUDED.)

In the latter part of March, at the opening of the campaign of 1782, we were ordered by congress to our respective stations. I marched Robinson's company to Northumberland, where Mr. Thomas Chambers joined us, who had been recently commissioned as an ensign of our company. We halted at Northumberland two or three days for our men to wash and rest; from thence Ensign Chambers and myself were ordered to Muncy, Samuel Wallis's plantation, there to make a stand and rebuild Fort Muncy, which had been destroyed by the enemy. We reached that station and built a small block-house for the storage of our provisions; about the 10th or 11th of April, Capt. Robinson came on with Esquire Culbertson, James Dougherty, Wm. McGrady, and a Mr. Barkley; I was ordered to select twenty or twenty-five men with these gentlemen, and to proceed up the west branch to the Big Island, and thence up the Bald Eagle Creek, to the place where a Mr. Culbertson had been killed. On the 15th of April, at night, we reached the place, and encamped for the night; on the morning of the 16th we were attacked by eighty-five Indians. It was a hard-fought battle; Esquire Culbertson and two others made their escape; I think we had nine killed, and the rest of us made prisoners. We were all stripped of our clothing excepting our pantaloons. When they took off my shirt they discovered my commission; our commissions were written on parchment, and carried in a silk case hung with a ribbon in our bosom; several got hold of it, and one fellow cut the ribbon with his knife, and succeeded in obtaining it. They took us a little distance from the battle-ground, made the prisoners sit down in a small ring, the Indians forming another around us in close order, each with his rifle and tomahawk in his hand. They brought up five Indians we had killed, and laid them within their circle. Each one reflected for himself; our time would probably be short, and respecting myself, looking back to the year '80 and the party I had killed, if I was discovered to be the person my case would be a hard one. Their prophet or chief warrior made a speech; as I was informed afterwards by the British lieutenant who belonged to the party, he was consulting the Great Spirit what to do with the prisoners, whether to kill us on the spot or spare our lives; he came to the conclusion that there had been blood enough shed, and as to the men they had lost, it was the fate of war, and we must be taken and adopted into the families of those whom we had killed; we were then divided amongst them according to the number of fires; packs were prepared for us, and they re-

turned across the river at the Big Island and in bark canoes; they then made their way across hills, and came to Pine Creek, above the first forks, which they followed up to the third fork, and took the most northerly branch to the head of it, and thence to the waters of the Genesee river. After two days travel down the Genesee river, we came to a place called the Pigeon Woods, where a great number of Indian families, old and young, had come to catch young pigeons; there we met a party of about forty warriors, on their way to the frontier settlements; they encamped some little distance apart, the warriors of the two parties holding a council at our camp. I soon perceived that I was the subject of their conversation; I was seized and dragged to the other camp, where the warriors were sitting on one side of a large fire; I was seated alone on the opposite side. Every eye was fixed upon me; I perceived they were gathering around in great numbers; in a short time I perceived a man pressing through the crowd; he came to me and sat down; I saw he was a white man painted in Indian dress. He examined me on the situation of the frontiers, the strength of our forts, the range of our scouts, &c. After he got through, he observed that there was only one besides himself there that knew me. "Do you know me, sir?" said I. "I do; you are the man that killed the Indians." I thought of the fire and the stake; he observed that he was a prisoner and a friend; that his name was Jones, and he had been taken prisoner in the spring of '81, with Capt. John Boyde, in Bedford county; that he would not expose me, and if I could pass through undiscovered and be delivered up to the British, I would be safe; if not, I would have to die at the stake. The next morning they moved down the river; two days after they came to the Canada village, the first on the Genesee river, where we were prepared to run the Indian gantlet; the warriors don't whip—it is the young Indians and squaws. They meet you in sight of their council-house, where they select the prisoners from the ranks of the warriors, bring them in front, and when ready the word *joggo* is given; the prisoners start, the whippers follow after, and if they outrun you, you will be severely whipped. I was placed in front of my men; the word being given, we started. Being then young and full of nerve, I led the way; two young squaws came running up to join the whipping party, and when they saw us start, they halted and stood shoulder to shoulder with their whips; when I came near them I bounded and kicked them over; we all came down together; there was considerable kicking amongst us, so much so that they showed their under dress, which appeared to be of a beautiful yellow colour; I had not time to help them up. It was truly diverting to the warriors; they yelled and shouted till they made the air ring. They halted at that village for one day, and thence went to Fort Niagara, where I was delivered up to the British. I was adopted, according to the Indian custom, into Col. Butler's family, then the commanding officer of the British and Indians at that place. I was to supply the loss of his son, Capt. Butler, who was killed late in the fall of 1781 by the Americans. In honour to me as his adopted son, I was confined in a private room, and not put under a British guard. My troubles soon began; the

Indians were informed by the Tories that knew me that I had been a prisoner before, and had killed my captors; they were outrageous, and went to Butler and demanded me, and as I was told, offered to bring in fourteen prisoners in my place. Butler sent an officer to examine me on the subject; he came and informed me their Indians had laid heavy accusations against me; they were informed that I had been a prisoner before, and had killed the party, and that they had demanded me to be given up to them, and that his colonel wished to know the fact. I observed, "Sir, it is a serious question to answer; I will never deny the truth; I have been a prisoner before, and killed the party, and returned to the service of my country; but, sir, I consider myself to be a prisoner of war to the British, and I presume you will have more honour than to deliver me up to the savages. I know what my fate will be; and please to inform your colonel that we have it in our power to retaliate." He left me in a short time, and returned and stated that he was authorised to say to me that there was no alternative for me to save my life but to abandon the rebel cause and join the British standard; that I should take the same rank in the British service as I did in the rebel service. I replied, "No, sir, no; give me the stake, the tomahawk, or the knife, before a British commission; liberty or death is our motto;" he then left me. Some time after a lady came to my room, with whom I had been well acquainted before the revolution; we had been school-mates; she was then married to a British officer, a captain of the queen's rangers; he came with her. She had been to Col. Butler, and she was authorised to make me the same offer as the officer had done; I thanked her for the trouble she had taken for my safety, but could not accept of the offer; she observed how much more honourable would it be to be an officer in the British service. I observed that I could not dispose of myself in that way; I belonged to the Congress of the U. States, and that I would abide the consequences; she left me, and it was the last I heard of it. A guard was set at the door of my apartment.

In about four days after I was sent down Lake Ontario to a place called Carlton Island; from thence down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, where I was placed in prison, and found forty or fifty of our American officers, and where we had the honour to look through the iron grates. The fourth of July was drawing near; ten of us combined to celebrate the political birth-day of our country; we found ways and means to have some brandy conveyed in to us unknown to the British guard, and we had a high day, after making a compromise with the guard. It was highly offensive to the British officers, and we ten were taken out and sent to Quebec, thence down the St. Lawrence, and put on the Isle of Orleans, where we remained till the last of September; a British fleet sailed about that time and bound for New York; we were put on board of that fleet; when we came to N. York there was no exchange for us. Gen. Carlton then commanded the British army at New York; he paroled us to return home.

In the month of March, 1783, I was exchanged, and had orders to take up arms again. I joined my company in March at Northumberland; about that time Capt. Robinson received orders to march his company to Wyoming, to keep garrison at Wilkesbarre fort. He sent myself and Ensign Chambers with the company to that station, where we lay till November, 1783. Our army was then discharged, and our company likewise: poor and penniless, we retired to the shades of a private life.

IRISH WIT.—A genuine "son of the sod" came into our office the other day, and asked the rates of advertising for a situation. The price we told him would be one dollar for three insertions, and one dollar and seventy five cts. for six. "A dollar," said he, scratching his pate, "for the first three times, and three quarters for the last three; well, thin, my darlin, faith an we'll have it in the last three."—*London Sun.*

A COUNSEL sometimes meets with his match in the witness box. "Could you see a hole through a wall?" asked Mr. Freeman, when cross examining a Kerryman at the Limerick Assizes. "I could if it was made there," was the ready reply.—*Cork paper.*

PRYING INTO OTHER FOLKS' BUSINESS.—"What are you doing there?" inquired Jack of Tom, as he caught him peeping through a keyhole. "What's that to you?" said Tom. "I don't like to see a person prying into other folk's business."

WINDOWS.—There are 300 windows at Marblehead, Mass., in a population of 5,375.